UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1161.

Original Poetry.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY J. TREMPLE.

Man at the solitary wood! where lonely voice
Comes not at eve to bid thee to thy home;
Comes not at morn to bid thy heart rejoice.
But whose is still the care to be alone.
What fluff'at thou there amid the leafy wood
To lure thee from the haunts of men to take
Thou carest not these hold converse with the good.
Although they rail at ye human faults and pride
The trickling rock close near quench the thirst.
The root and fruits afford thee food repast.
The winter's storms around thee wildly burst.
And curtain'd o'er when thy hot summer's past
Dost so thou flee ye—the dreary solitude?
Thou hater of unfriendliness, where the mind
Flattens like watery land around her breast—
Where death's dull fold about he'r neck is twined
Love at thee there solitude! what, for such?
He hate into the world thou made thee love
That which the heart is spurn in its health
Would never have sought he'r round the realm if gone?
Now when the eye can wander no around.
Cast most, hide whom shadow hope upraise
And dear flowers that drooping toil the ground
To them to sit and watch the fading year.
No wonder no around—to that dull lifeless state.
The very birds have flown, they cannot stay
Where not a song is heard from answering mate.
Where but an insect mourns its new decay
The last of sun—ye—the last of flowers fled
The very wind seems exhausted to sigh.
All human still there, solitude, alone beneath
The gloomy veil of night in the dreary pall.
Thus hangs around the solitude and sadly drop
Its gloom and veil in its mantle and with it sweep
Its silence and its solitude and with it sweep
Its dreary sadness and its dreary pall.
Thus hangs around the solitude and sadly drop
Its gloom and veil in its mantle and with it sweep
Its silence and its solitude and with it sweep
Its dreary sadness and its dreary pall.

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

CONTINUED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

Hear, take those ears,
Mine hers to please
Thine ought is ahead
Though me speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better, there's an end
—Lorenzo Vocabo—

CHAPTER V

Although Leisler was in from suspecting danger to his wife and children, yet in the hour of peril stride, an instinctive feeling of apprehension naturally induces a man to believe his family to a place of safety, in within the pale of his own patrimony. When he had secured possession of the fort, issued the orders of the day, and conferred with such citizens as had either shared the enterprise, or approved it, his thoughts reverted to home. Milbourne being unfortunately known, however, as a prominent in the Dutch language—alike to cavilers and conspiral with the settlers of Long Island and the interior, names of whom came thronging to the city and fort—being also a man of more than ordinary accomplishments than his able, though comparatively uneducated father-in-law—could not be spared one moment from his side. Wilmot, therefore, who had displayed zeal, alacrity and courage, and made friendly advances on the esteem of his patriotic friend, was commissioned (with an escort of five Milbourne) to proceed to the Long's Neck Mansion-house to be a royal chance collision with any party Nicholson might raise in the city—and return with the ladies by the same route—bringing with them their valuables leaving the house under care of the servants. He ensacked in the fort (as governor's barge, manned by nine stately rowers, who readily transferred allegiance to the new, popular commander.

As he pushed into south-eastern portion of the city, the efforts of alarm, among masters of vessels, were very apparent. Of twenty or thirty craft—some of no mean tonnage—most, by from the New England and Southern provinces, there were but two or three remaining in port or dock. The remainder had run out, dropped down to Staten Island, or beyond the Narrows, to more remote points, deemed safe from capture or sequestration. Lisler cast an anxious eye toward the Dock, but could not entirely himself in the hasty glance, whether Bristol Boss was still there.

On landing, in front of Leisler's house, he was not addressed at the gateway of neighbors and others, assembled in the conversation—to every inhabitant man, woman or child was in a state of extreme excitement and restlessness; but in attempting to enter, he was interrupted by the black servant Peter, who, in a tale interrupted by tenors and lamentations, informed Mr. Lisel that Meidhere's house was surrounded by a party of armed men, who bound him and the other servants, both men and female, carried off, in spite of cries and entreaties, Jeffries Leisler, Jeffries Milbourne and Free Snyntie, threatening, if disturbance were made, to cut all their throats. Himself and the others were soon released by neighbors, who witnessed part of the outrage without power to prevent it. The ladies were carried on board a large ship in the stream which immediately dropped down the bay. This stunning intelligence being crammed with the addition that the vessel, a large black-hulled craft, was even now visible this side the Narrows. Wilfred's first impulse was to return to the fort—but a burning desire to rescue Sophie, her mother and sister, prompted a same extraordinary part than that of messengers of ill tidings. He ran to the Dock, but alas! his hopes were frustrated, for Master Hobbs, like the others, had bawled out and run. From sudden perplexity he was relieved by a note being placed in his hands—the handwriting Master Robert's—stating that although his cargo was not all discharged—and he had a good return freight of tobacco to take in—yet regard for the interests of the Bristol firm (owners of the brig) induced him to take a safer station below the Narrows, till he heard how matters went. If Mr. Lisel would cross to Long Island ride along the coast, and make signal when opposite Bristol Boss, whose rig he would surely recognize, a boat should be lowered immediately.

Wilfred instantly ordered his men into the governor's barge, crossed the river, and putting in requisition a farmer's wagon, proceeded in company with the boat-crew and militia-men towards the point indicated in the letter.

"Rake and illadoes as I have been and am doubtless known to be by the Leislers," said Wilfred, to himself, "they shall have another table to tell, ere long."

About a mile below the Narrows, Bristol Boss, and several other vessels, were seen to be lying at anchor. The signal being made and seen, a boat put out, and, in a short time, Master Wilfred was once more on the deck of the brig, followed by his little band. We dare not sully our pages with the ill-considered, though generous, oaths, in which Master Robert indulged, when he heard the fate of his fair hospitable favorite, and her daughter. He knew he said, the black hall too well. She was a bouncing, bullying craft, relying on superior size and weight of metal, and Stevens Bradshaw, a cautious, boasting puritanical seaman like the proprietor—but he would either grapple with her or chase her back within range of the fort guns.

A few moments reflection—without abating courage—taught him to estimate more soberly the relative strength of the two vessels. He could not fight her single-handed, but Captain Roberts, of the Quail, from Boston, and Bradshaw, a gentlemanly, ought to make common cause in protecting the family of a compatriot. The Quail was riding close at hand—a cordial reliance between the two masters ensued—and as they learned things Wilfred, that Leisler, was in possession of the fort, and nothing therefore to be feared from its guns, they resolved to summon Bradshaw to deliver his captives, and in the event of refusal, fight him. Such resolves and such language, now appear unusual and unchristian, were deemed strange in those quiet days but in the seventeenth century, those who ploughed the ocean in pursuit of commerce, were armed at all points, and ever ready to repel pirates and privateers, land-sharks and water-sharks, and all the pests whose trade is crime. They were men of stout arm—well up in seamanship and could fight their ship as well as sail her.

Bristol Boss, under her consort, manifold answer and repassed the Narrows, approaching the Loyal Gloucester in order of battle. Their intention was so obvious, that Bradshaw could not mistake it, and sent his first mate, in a boat to demand the motive. Master Robert bade his principal that he acted like a dastard—to prepare to exercise off his conspicuous wife and daughters, and if they were not put on board Bristol Boss, within fifteen minutes, they'd board him, and he should have burdensome law.

Anon, Master Stevens," added Hobbs, "I'm going to the militia, and the governor's barge-men—we have the means to pay off old scores.

The menace, coupled with the formidable appearance on the deck, had the desired effect. The ladies were brought on board within the time specified, with a message from Bradshaw, that he had no quarrel with either Capt. Hobbs or Capt. Roberts, and desired to leave matters and as for old scores, why he thought any grudge should rest in forgetting, as he had pleasure in doing so, cordially. The reply very much mollified the ire of the two captains—hence was established and agreed to by proposition by a cartouse, as soon as Master Hobbs had placed the ladies under protection of their lawful guardian.

Though treated respectfully on board the Loyal Gloucester, the ladies viewed their detention as an escape from the most fearful calamity. Ignorant of the fate of Leisler and Milbourne anticipating slavery or death, as a distant settlement, terrified with the refusal to sail anew, which brought to the impromptu service of carnage and rapine—they not beheld a sail.

A vessel of the formidable Captain Bradshaw—themselves the object of solicitude to our Union," inquired Wilfred with attempt at jealous composure.

"Do not mock me, Wilfred!" cried the damsel, "have you really displeased my lover?"

"No, Sophie," replied her lover, "more in unfavorable exile. I felt it, to my nature load, banishment to be send home—I was half a mind to return.

Wilfred proceeded to explain, that the commission, with advice of the Committee of States, had written a letter to the King of England, tendering account of what he had done—how disbursed the public money—and requesting the state of the fort and defences. He further had done found the honor of entrusting him with it, because he had reliance on his talents and generosity, and also inasmuch as Milbourne could not be spared from the Committee, where he sat as secretary. Having said accompanied him to explain, if necessary on all matters to be deemed between the crown and the province, which matters were of course beyond the scope of Leisler's limited information.

Whilst they talked, the sun sank behind the hills, and swallow'd that the boat at sunset approach was in the meadows below. The evening was not gloomily, although Wilfred accompanied by his secretary and several gentlemen. "Twas a happy meeting! In his hearty congratulations he should stay no longer than necessary for the purpose of his mission—yet failed to impart the consolation which he revealed himself. He could not assume bitter tone of an inflicted him for the exploits were honorable, without the adverse star threaten the repose of affection for his love not tried in vain—even the cause of separation did but evince the esteem to which he was held by him who had sacrificed ever the last one's duty. It was a lover's separation unembittered by cares—pungent to threatened waste of hopes—yet it was deeply sadly felt, perhaps because the mind was not distracted by other concerns.

Master Hobbs had already sailed with a full cargo for Bristol, carrying letters both from Leisler and Wilfred, which the latter knew could not fail being highly gratifying to his uncle. He himself, after sad leave-taking embarked with Enoch Stoll, in the Endeavour, bound to the Thames and London. How different were his fortunes and aspirations now, and when he quitted Bristol! Then an involuntary exile expanding the irregularities of a truant life—now leaving a mission from the paternal chief of a high-hearted people, to a promised monarch, his own sovereign!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEMALE FAITH.

From the Magazines.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I have thought many an hour in lonely love
And thereby will love radiant under or me
Because, yet touched with sadness is the brow
Of love bright with joy's rose.

Joy making beauty, why so sad?
Tell where the radiance of the dawn is gone
At which my heart could march and dance with glee—
Thou fadest all too soon.

It is not on the morning's bosom
It comes not to me with the dawning day
Nor looks it on the glooms of the west—
As slow they pass away.

Not on those gliding cloudlets bright
That steal here, play, among the woody tops,
Nor on those more than cloudless hours of light
The flowers along the glades.

And almost in the living mind
The great high-priestess with her starry eyes rove
Whose round arms clasp the lone world and all—
The wonders of my love.

Why shadowest thou thy loveliest face?
Why, like the moon, but hangs a sunny gleam?
And upwards seeks upon the ground—
Under tapers from the earth?

Why should we shame you lights above?
Why, little flowers, open to the heat?
No more within the heart or mind with love
Let the living radiance beat.

Well, friend, were you conversing about
Or, I was thinking of the same
Or, such the gossamer fairy line grew
In summer's gentle breeze.
Thy face the star that rises and glows
Alone in night's dark sea
That never because such other ray
Has left the lonely sheen
Or, such the sunbeam on his face
Then wasn't her sight so sure.

THE WIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "MARY DERWENT," ETC.

Like an unquiet bee seeking
Through the flowers of summer days
For honey hidden in their hearts.

It was midnight in London; the theatres were close; the brawlers were long since amidst the dark alley which had sheltered his wretchedness once a miserable night, and lay crouching to the wall as the watchmen passed heavily by, lest he might be dragged forth from his hiding place and deprived of his sole remaining possession, personal liberty. Loitering men and tattered rabble-rout had been long since driven the side walks were deserted, save by the outcasts of pleasure. The theatres and gaming houses were closed, and the noisome haunts of the half-naked women of the streets were after carriages, laden with wealth and beautiful life swept by, their splendor but dull revealed by the blaze of the extinguished lamps they carried.

A fashionable house in the West End was thrown open to the distinguished of London that night, and long after the court lamps had burned themselves out, lordly equipages rolled to and from the illuminated mansion. The rainbow light that streamed through the drapery of each tall window cast flakes on many a gay group that lingered within, and in more than instance had it touched a heavy tear lying there the fair young girl she passed with exultant grace to gather to her scarf before she followed her companion an elderly lady, through the labyrinth of statues that lined the room and stairs.

She reached the dancing-room; music was swelling through the glittering crowd assembled there—the strains of a light graceful waltz. A few rushed over the floor, and the rest in slow gauze that covered her bosom rose and fell with its pleasant throbbings, till the sprig of white jasmine that gathered them in the throat trembled as it shaken by the light wind. Lucy Sprague was seventeen and this was its first ball, the first time that she had ever stood an equal in the gay throng. It seemed like enchantment to her; the flutter of diamonds, the swelling music, and the sweet air breathing life, bathed in that glowing language. It was no marvel that her bosom heaved and her eye sparkled as she gazed upon it.

Lucy Sprague's father was a rich London banker, descended from some ancient family, were crowding the street—and in the hall that led from the dancing room to a neighboring club house, and if the light had been sufficient, as there was not, you might have detected the glow of wine in their cheeks, and a sparkle in the eye which betrayed excitement if not confirmed conviction. One of them a dark haired young man, with intelligent eyes and features such as the connoisseur of art looks for, stood on the threshold of the ball-room, gazing with rapture upon the young girl, unaware of his presence, and with a flush on her cheek, a bright smile upon her lip, and her eyes glancing with feminine archness from the admiring eyes that fell upon her from every direction, more than her beauty was rendered conspicuous by the attentions of a partner so distinguished.

The dance was over and Burke still lingered by the side of his partner. The wine which he had drank, the brilliant beauty that he gazed upon, and even the voluptuous breath of those eyes all served to excite his wondrous powers of pleasing. The warm and poetry of his nature was aroused, it burned upon his lips, and gave expression to his eyes. The young girl listened, and it was enough. The rich tones in her voice seldom found their way to a heart which was not attuned by their eloquence and sweetness, for though wayward and impassioned Burke was always sincere. He had no use for false decorations that there was no need of artificially and much that was noble in his heart. Lucy felt this instinctively.

"Shall we dance again?" he murmured, "or would you prefer the air of this balcony, it overlooks the garden?"

"The balcony," she said with girlish enjoyment, then checking herself she added, blushingly, "the heat is oppressive here."

It was indeed the mass of crimson drapery that fell behind the seat they occupied, and, opening upon the young pair stepped forth, in a full view of the moonlit garden, its windows and the thrones that greeted them with their gentle breath. The music came softly from within and all around lay the quiet moonlight. It was a dangerous hour for the heart of that guileless creature—dangerous for those both, for with love love was salvation in existence—with her, life or death; she was a woman, and in her love was but the beginning of immortality.

Lucy Sprague was alone in her chamber, but she felt yet warm with the clasp of her partner's hand when he had whispered "good night" at the carriage door. There was music still lingering about her senses—and that which had left her tremble on the chilliest thing with delicate suspension to her dance but the heart thrilling music of a human voice—his voice that conversed with her in the balcony. When she sank to sleep that night a single face was present to her—a face that was not to be forgotten—a face that was not to be forgotten—a face that was not to be forgotten

invalid. As she closed her eyes a tear struggled through their lashes, but it was born of happy feelings and she slept after.

Burke went out to a reading-room and found the advertisement that he sought for. "A house to let ready furnished in a retired part of the city." That night Lucy was removed to her new home. The repose and stillness fell refreshingly on her while she was supported to the chamber prepared for her reception, and she smiled as they laid her on the snowy bed, but there was something in her face that startled the husband, a chill came upon him and he turned away to weep.

"Why do you look so sorrowful," said the invalid smiling once more. "I am better now every thing is so quiet—to-morrow, next day perhaps, I shall be much better, it is only fatigue, you know," her eyes closed as she spoke, and that wretched man heard a sound in her breath that chilled him to the heart. He sunk upon his knees and the bed shook beneath the violence of his grief.

That night Thomas talked wildly to his wife as she lay so still upon her couch; but she gave him no answer, though the voice of his agony might have kindled a stone of compassion. She breathed not—she moved not—the pillow on which her cold cheek rested had neither wrinkle nor fold in its snow-white cover. The winding sheet that fell over her lay motionless, like folds of marble around a statue. When he arose in his agony of repentance and pressed his quivering mouth to her lips they chilled him to the heart, and he felt for the first time that she was dead, for "it was the first cold kiss she had ever given him."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1843.

R. J. WOODWARD AGAIN.

We have received a copy of a receipt for money paid for Graham's Magazine, given by this fellow, who has been advertised repeatedly by Philadelphia publishers, as not authorized to receive subscriptions. We repeat the caution, that he is not an agent *for any books issued in Philadelphia, to our knowledge*, and if people *will be* swindled by these strollers, they must not complain. The *best* way is to *send money by mail, with the Post Master's frank.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There is one advantage of a well conducted Family Newspaper, which cannot be too highly estimated. It is natural that the human mind and particularly the young mind, should crave relaxation from sterner studies in light reading. It is proper that this appetite should be gratified by wholesome food. The editor who knows and feels his responsibility will take care that no matter unfit to be read in a family finds its way into his paper.

And in the present era of cheap printing this department of the newspapers has become more than ever important. We are sorry to say it; but it is the fact, and should be stated, that there never was a time when so much matter unfit to read, dangerous, mischievous and obscene, was issued from the press, as at present. Under the title of cheap competitive publications, there is trash enough scattered broad cast through the land, to injure every young mind in it. Old and exploded indecencies are represented in a form which puts them within the reach of all pockets. And these vile works are hawked about with an openness and absence of shame, that must strike every true patriot with well founded fear. The fountains of filth and obscenity are running over, and the chief may check his tenth of confects, to buy almost literally without money and without price.

It becomes the duty of those who occupy responsible positions, whether by example or direct control of others, to lend their influence to the checking of this evil flood. The most effective way which suggests itself is by the encouragement of such publications as minister to a better taste. Prominent among these as we have already remarked, is a well conducted Family Newspaper. In a portion of its contents it supports the character of a WEEKLY MAGAZINE. Besides its original literary matter, which competes with the monthlies in excellence, the newspaper has the benefit also of the labors of others, and does for its readers what the Magazine may not, in the transfer of the best current literary novelty to its pages.

In the news department the weekly paper should be arranged and prepared with patient and careful attention. It matters less if a daily founder into a mistake to-day, because to-morrow it may be corrected, but the editor of a weekly newspaper must note carefully weigh, his paragraphs. From a contemplation of what a newspaper should be, our readers will perceive what it is our ambition and constant endeavor to make the Saturday Evening Post. And in doing so we have the satisfaction of the hearty approval and support of a large list of long tried and constant friends and readers. It is particularly vanity, under such tokens of approbation, to suspect that we have done something toward an approach to the standard. It may rather appear egotism would be a compliment to the judgment of our readers, at the expense of their modesty.

THE U. S. POST OFFICE.

Some of the contemporaries are reasoning that while the United States has a right to prevent "nuisances" to establish posts and post routes, it has none to monopolize the liberty of individual citizens. We do not pretend to understand the nice and precise light by which they reach such a conclusion; but one or more things are evident. Among these are that they could not be sustained without a monopoly of the little carriage, and that it cannot keep that monopoly without doing its duty. If any man whose rights were permitted to take up letter carriage as a trade, the particular routes would soon be filled up, and nothing would be left Uncle Sam to do, but to carry letters through those parts of the country where the postages would not pay for the water which the farmer drank, to say nothing of the rest. Well established, and properly conducted, the office would even now yield a revenue over its expenses.

There are some gross and abominable leaks in the funds by which large sums are wasted, of which the public seems to take no notice. For instance Thousands of dollars are spent for advertising for mail contracts, which are in so many thousands throats more—so far as the public is concerned, though party purposes are undoubtedly served. If advertised at all, there is no need of doing it in more than one paper which two are now employed. We have no the data at hand to determine what this saving would amount to per annum, but nine tenths of the present expense wasted in paying partizan editors would amount to no small sum. The whole might be saved. Two or three copies of a paper sent to the several Post Offices, or salient in the vestibule of the office, would answer every necessary purpose. Now papers with small circulations, except of what is mail contributory hardly ever look into, are paid exorbitant prices to effecting absolutely nothing.

Other abuses and speculations of adroit farmers are undoubtedly; but let Mr. Wick the P. M. G. in his power, take care of this one, and it will be time enough to notice others. Meanwhile let him increase the efficiency of the arrangements, particularly in the larger offices. A newspaper contemporary of ours in New York, in just acknowledging the receipt of a letter written by Caleb Cushing, in Washington, while Caleb was a member of Congress! The writer has taken the dimensions of the Pyramids in the distance see this, and he letter has just had time to reach New York from Washington! This though disgraceful to the department, is an extreme case. Let us look at such as happen every day.

A gentleman may write a letter, deposite it in any Post Office near either of the large cities, directed to a city still farther off. He may take passage in the same conveyance which carries the mail, pass on to the place to which his letter is directed, and get there at least twenty-four hours in advance. Reason: While he is travelling on, direct, but without extraordinary haste, his letter may require twenty-four hours to get changed to another mail-bag in the first city in which it stops. If we have a letter for Salem, Mass., by giving it to a friend who is going to Boston, it *can* be mailed in Boston on the *next day* after it leaves here, and received in Salem the same night, if our friend takes the morning train from this city. Put it in the Post Office, and it leaves here at five P. M. arriving in New York at midnight. It *may* be mailed for the East in New York the next morning—but is quite as likely to wait until the day after. Once on its route again, it reaches Boston on the third or fourth day, and Salem on the fourth or fifth. We do not say that every letter goes thus, but that is the probable chance. There is, it is true, a steamboat train to Boston from New York, in the afternoon—but letters for farther East, which reach Boston in that mail, do not get so prompt attention as those which are mailed in Boston.

We have mentioned particular offices for the purpose of illustration; and give these remarks as specimens of the *kind* of negligence, and the slovenly system, which have thrown the department behind the age. Newspapers are four weeks in reaching Iowa; letters may go in three; passengers in public conveyances, without distressing themselves go in ten days. And yet the post office *complains* of want of support! It does not deserve it: this we say without intending any reflection upon individuals, but we do cry out against the whole slow coach system, which has stifled still comparatively, while everything else has gone ahead.

And yet this concern in its dotage is clamoring for more work to do, while it does not half perform its present. It is asking to have merchandise sent through the mail bags, and demanding that bales of merchandise which outweigh the mail, should be put to a Rip Van Winkle journey in its bags, instead of travelling direct to their destination. The whole proceeding appears too ridiculously absurd to merit answer. On the same plan by "strict construction" carriers of newspapers might be forbidden to serve their customers; for they unquestionably walk over post routes to do so.

Whatever else our next Congress may do, we hope that they will put the whole post office matter on its proper light, by some declaratory enactment as to what is law and what is not. We have had postmaster-law enough, as each incumbent of the office feels it his duty to startle the public with some new reading of the present statutes.

THE PRINCETON VICTORIOUS.

The expected race between the new steamer frigate Princeton and the Great Western, took place on Thursday last, when the latter left for Europe. The Princeton, it will be recollected, is an experiment, being driven by Ericksen's propellers, fixed on her stern and far below the surface of the water, while her engine is placed on her keel far aft, and the top of it ten feet below her water line. The best account of the race is contained in a letter, compiled from notes taken by A. Welch and F. B. Ogden, Esqs. who were on board the Princeton. They say "At thirty-eight minutes past 2 P. M., while the Princeton was lying in the North River, the Great Western was seen passing the Battery, under a full head of steam, blowing off strong, and with her fore and aft sails set, the wind fresh from the westward. The Princeton immediately started her engine, gave chase, and coming up astern of the Great Western, soon passed her, with no sails set and the cable square. The Western then set her square sails, the Princeton, following her example, made sail also, and continued to widen the gap between the two vessels. When the Princeton had arrived at the Buoy of the Middle, below the Narrows, she was more than a mile ahead of the Great Western, where the latter ship, to make good the distance she had lost, took the Swash Channel, which is three miles shorter than the ordinary ship channel, which the Princeton had taken aware of the Great Western, notwithstanding the greater distance she had passed over. She met the Western again at the Black Buoy on the outer Bar, and then passed under her stern; about two lengths distant, she hauled up on a line parallel to her, when coming abreast, Capt. Stockton wished Capt. Hoskens a pleasant passage, and the crew of the Princeton gave the Great Western three cheers, the Princeton then passed rapidly ahead of the Great Western, in two minutes crossed her bow and hauled up for the Capes of the Delaware. From the time that the Princeton passed Castle Garden till she finally left the Great Western, was one hour and fifty-six minutes—during which time she had beaten her three miles. The Princeton occupied one hour and thirty-one minutes in going from Castle Garden to Sandy Hook Pond, a distance of more than twenty-one miles, thus showing her speed to have been fourteen miles per hour against the flood tide, and proving her to be the fastest seagoing steamer in the world. The Great Western accomplished the distance to the Bar in considerably less time than she had ever done before, having been well prepared for the occasion. The Princeton had her full complement of coal in her bunkers, as also the greater part of her water and stores, and also a quantity of coal on deck equal to the weight of her armament. Capt. Hoskens, of the Great Western, sent in, by the pilot, a letter to the editor of the Courier & Enquirer, acknowledging that he had been fairly beaten by the Princeton, but inquiring that the Great Western made no extraordinary exertions.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A deed of unusual atrocity was perpetrated near Middle Brook Mills, Montgomery county, Md. on the 18th inst. It appears that a man calling himself George Dunn, travelling with a woman supposed to be his wife, is the perpetrator of the deed, and the unfortunate woman the victim. The two were observed on the day above mentioned, seated together at a spot about 400 yards from the dwelling of Mr. House, apparently in conversation for two or three hours. the man was last seen between 12 and 2 o'clock, about 50 yards from that place, hastily moving away, and considerably stained with blood, but no suspicion of foul play was entertained, nor was inquiries made until Friday the 20th, when the body of the female was discovered, at the spot where she was last seen in company with Dunn, on Wednesday, horribly mutilated, the throat cut, and the head and face dreadfully disfigured and bruised as if to prevent the recognition of the corpse.

Outracing the course the man was observed to take, when seen leaving the spot, a look was found closed by, and all of a card to bill was found inducing that he had boarded sometime during the summer, with Michael Connelly, in Camden near Light street, Baltimore. Mr. House has written a letter containing a description of the man, requesting him to be about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, sandy hair, and whiskers extending entirely round his face he wore a light roundabout, white pantaloons and a cold white hat, and carried a small bundle A Mr. Connelly, of the vicinity says, that a man agreeing generally with the above particulars boarded at his house during a part of the summer, calling himself Thompson. He had a woman in company whom he passed as his wife but it was ascertained by report that he had another wife living somewhere in Virginia, with two or three children. We give this full description of the murderer, in order, if possible, to secure his arrest.

FIREMEN VISITING.

About sixty members of the Fair Mount Engine, of this city, are on a visit to Baltimore, with their complete apparatus. The Hand in Hand company, with their engine decked with flowers, left here on Tuesday on a similar visit to Baltimore. Both companies have been received there with courtesy and kindness. If our firemen would cease fighting, they would be the most laudable body of organized excitement we have.

ANOTHER WARNING.

The tragical occurrences that often arise from the habit of carrying concealed weapons, had another added to their list last week. An officer of the New Haven police arrived in this city on Saturday last, and charged Lewis Fassit, formerly of Yale College, and a son of one of our most respectable citizens, with the homicide of John B. Dwight, a tutor in the aforesaid College. The circumstances of the tragedy were these: On the 20th of September, being the Commencement of the College Term, the students of one class resolved to play a trick upon those of another. This the faculty determined to put down. These young men assembled in a room, with their faces blackened, and their persons otherwise disguised, so that it would have been impossible to recognise any one of them. At this time Mr. Dwight entered the room, and took young Fassit out, and while conducting him to his room, he received from a knife or dirk in his hand, a wound in his groin. The affair was kept as silent as possible for several days, when an interview took place between the prisoner and the faculty, during which the former divulged his guilt. He was then expelled, and returned to his home in this city. The injured man gradually became worse, and on Friday, the 20th instant, he died. A requisition was immediately applied for; but, in the interim, a police officer left New Haven, and arriving here before the death of the tutor was known, went before the Recorder and charged young Fassit, on oath, with the crime. The unfortunate young man was immediately arrested, brought before the Recorder, and, after a hearing, committed. In the course of the afternoon he was brought before Judge King, on a writ of habeas corpus. After hearing the arguments of the counsel on both sides, the Court ordered him to give bail in the sum of $5000, to await a requisition from the Governor of Connecticut.

In justice to young Fassit, we ought to state that there is a counter statement which says that he, being among the rioters, was suddenly seized from behind by some one he did not recognize, and dragged across the room. He cried out that he was hurt by this rough treatment, that he had a knife, and if he was not liberated he would strike with it. His captor replied only by pulling him along the faster. Fassit, enraged and hurt, struck blindly behind him with his knife, and inflicted the wound which caused the death of Mr Dwight. Perhaps the truth is that the young man, though unjustifiable in carrying or using a weapon, was more unfortunate than criminal, so far as there was any intention to commit murder. He has gone to New Haven and surrendered himself into the hands of justice.

THE OLD WORLD.

The frequency and rapidity with which the steamers traverses the Atlantic brings the Old World almost to our doors. The arrival of a packet is no longer an event or commanding interest. News comes so often that one loses half one's interest in it. Still, it is worth while to keep up the run of the intelligence, else one talks behind the fellow and becomes a Dogberry. The last steamer brought us no new intelligence, and we gleam from our files but little of interest. Trade, however, is reviving. O'Connell continues his agitation on Repeal, and is hourly becoming more formidable. The British Government is flooding Ireland with troops; it is true, but seems anxious to avoid a collision —which is something of an indication. In 1782, England yielded to the demand of Ireland—why may she not do it now? The Corn-law-league increases in numbers, influence and wealth daily. This year the Association spent fifty thousand pounds, and next year it intends to raise a hundred thousand. Since its organization, it has circulated 4,000,000 tracts. The Queen is said to be in a way that will please John Bull, who is never so happy as when provoking miseries and establishments for Princes and Princesses, especially when a Duke of Cambridge stands so near in succession to the throne. In Wales, the disturbances have not yet ceased to effervesce.

In France there is quite a commotion among the journals respecting the fortifications of Paris. The Liberalists seem to think that Louis Philippe is raging them in, and have no notion of being shut up like tamed lions. Thiers King is long-headed, and the journalists are poor—so it is not difficult to see what will be the result. The French are about to send an Ambassador to China.

In Greece a constitution and responsible ministry has been extorted from King Otho without bloodshed.

In Germany there is a rumor current that England, Austria and France, talk of consolidating an intimate alliance to prevent the encroachments of Prussia. What Napoleon prophesied has come to pass—they are afraid of the "great northern bear."

The present government of Spain is said, by the knowing ones, to be a rickety affair and on its last legs. Revolutions in Spain are as plenty as black eyes at a public school. A very interesting account of Madrid and the Spaniards, in another column, will be apropos to this intelligence. Read it! As all means—as you should everything in the *Post* for what seems dull, you may take to grateful is too deep for you.

SALE OF STATE STOCKS.

The sale of the Pennsylvania State Stocks took place at the Exchange, in this city, on Tuesday. The company was large, and in the early stage of the bidding there was considerable excitement. The conditions of the sale were that payment for the stock would be received in certificates issued by the Auditor General, in pursuance of the Resolution of the 7th of April, 1842—Notes issued by the Bank of this Commonwealth under the Act of the 4th of May, 1841—Specie—or the Notes of specie paying Banks. Payment to be made within four days from sale, at the auction store of M. Thomas & Son, No. 95 Walnut street. Sum's to 1 o'clock. Interest allowed on the certificates issued to Domestic Creditors for the full months expired, but not for fractions of a month.

The stocks were put up in lots of 10 to 100 shares at the buyer's option—the privilege of taking the whole of any stock being given at the Commissioners discretion. No stocks were put up under $1 a share. The following was the result

1500 shar.	Philada. Bank, scrip	11	50
2500 do.	Pennsylvania Bank (scrip)	12	50
662 do.	Columbia Bank and Bridge Co. (scrip)	11	50
1400 shar.	Harrisburg Bridge (scrip)	10	50
2395 do.	Northumberland Bridge Co.	5	50
600 do.	Danville do.	1	50
1 do.	Susquehanna do. (Between)	1	00
8 do.	Milton do.	1	00
100 do.	Mouth of Juniata do.	1	50
1 do.	Juniata do. (scrip)	10	50
1245 do.	Franklin and Allegheny Bridge Co.	1	00
50 shar.	Forest Ferry Bridge Co.	1	00
500 do.	Forest and Ohio Canal Co.	1	00
	10 shares at		50
	Balance		25
2000 shar.	Monongahela Nav. Co. all at		50
2000 do.	Cumberland R. R. Co.		50
	100 shares at		14
	(Balance not sold)		
200 shar.	Belmont and Easton Turn pike co.		40
400 shar.	Philada. and Great Bend.		40
	40 shares at		1
	Balance not sold		
4000 shar.	Chambersb'g & Bed'd. (com.	11	50
2000 do.	Phillipsb'g and Susquehanna all sold at		50
547 shar.	Bellefont, Nurrenberg and Youngstown—100 at Bellefont not sold		50
1500 shar.	County (from Reading to Sunbury)		
	100 shares at	11	50
	50 do.	11	75
	Balance at	12	00
1400 shar.	Midland and Delaware, all at	81	
1 do.	Sterling and New Castle, all at	81	
85 do.	Westfield and Erie		50
	40 shares at	32	
	30 shares at	31	
	Balance at	31	

IRON STEAM SHIPS.

The government has authorized the loaning of another Iron Steam Ship at Pittsburg, to be fitted with Lieut. Hunter's submerged wheels. This new steamer will be over 185 feet long, 18 feet deep, and 32 feet in beam. She will measure between nine hundred and a thousand tons burthen. These iron steam ships prove safe and fast, and we notice that Capt. Hoskens of the Great Western, is of opinion that the great iron steamer, "The Great Britain," will be the swiftest in the world. It may be so, but in that case, the Yankees will, in a year, build one to beat her.

UP AND BE DOING.

Of all men a lazy one is our aversion. We love to see a man doing something, even if, like Napoleon when waiting intelligence before a battle, he is only kicking brands into the fire or whittling a stick. We have as great an antipathy to your sleepy moles, who vegetate instead of live, as we have to ghosts, cats, old bachelors or any other sort of bores. Some excellent remarks on this matter met us, in reading, the other day, and we append them as worthy to be cut out and preserved, especially by parents and guardians.

"It is the duty of every one to take some active part as an actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think that they can vegetate, as it were, without being anything in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should 'act well his part.' He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done anything for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing is a mere cypher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world; and when he dies, he has not finished the work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. Be something. Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted."

OREGON.

We notice a letter in the Bloomington, Iowa, Herald, which gives an account of Oregon, from one who has lately emigrated thither. He says the country is rough and broken, and generally heavy timbered, principally with fir, yellow pine, cedar, hemlock, spruce, oak, ash and maple. It is well watered, and about one tenth prairie, of excellent quality. The timber land is also good for farming. In the streams is an abundance of fish, among which are the finest salmon in the world. The inhabitants are generally good farmers, raise large quantities of grain, and have from 40 to 100 head of cattle, 20 to 60 head of hogs, and horses without number. Clothing is cheaper than in Iowa, being carried there free of duty. Nothing will bear expectation from Iowa except good titles. Good cows will sell at from $30 to $50 per head. The place where the writer lives is called Oregon city, and is at the head of navigation, at the foot of Williamsmut Falls, one of the greatest water powers in the world. It contains twelve dwelling houses, three stores, one blacksmith's shop, one cooper's shop, two saw mills and one grist mill are in operation, and another of three run of stones was to be erected this summer. Two churches and a number of dwellings were to have been put up this summer. A good carpenter can get three dollars a day, but this will cease with the decrease of the demand for such labor, or with an increase of workmen. A common laborer can command $1 75 per day. Who will go to Oregon?

SANDWICH AND SOCIETY ISLANDS.

By the southern mail via San Blas Mexico, we have received intelligence that the Sandwich Islands were on the 31st July, restored to the sovereignty of King Hamehameha III., by the British Admiral Thomas, instructed by his government to perform this act of justice. It will be recollected that Lord Paulet of the British ship Carysfort, took forcible possession of these Islands, which act of wrong has thus been repaired by his government. The independence of these Islands is now guaranteed by France, England, and the United States, and the two latter have, within a few months, appointed commercial agents to reside at Honolulu.

This act of justice may induce the French to give up their forcible possession of the Society Islands. A letter has been received at New Bedford, dated Tahiti, June 26th, stating that the French still held possession of the Island, but that H. B. M. ship Vindictive had arrived in port, and that her commander had ordered the French flag on shore to be pulled down, but, not being obeyed, had issued a proclamation, addressed to the British subjects, ordering them not to attend to any summons as jurors, nor to hold themselves subject to any regulations or jurisdictions of any sort, from the French authorities temporarily established there under the style of a Provisional Government, nor to any officer of France, be his rank or station whatever it may, until the decision of the Queen of England regarding Tahiti, is known.

GIRLS, TAKE WARNING!

We are often astonished at the facility with which young girls allow themselves to be trepanned into matrimony by persons who are perfect strangers to them. We are even more astonished at the criminal apathy of parents in such cases. An example of such folly and carelessness has just occurred in Baltimore. A dashing fellow, about twenty-seven years old, calling himself Henry Hosmer, and representing himself to be a merchant, put up at a private boarding house in our three weeks since, gained the affections of a young lady residing in the family, and was privately married to her on the 14th inst. though she had already engaged herself to a worthy and respectable gentleman, with whom she had long been acquainted. On Tuesday, 17th, Hosmer decamped, and has not since been heard of, but is supposed to be connected with a party of burglars. We really cannot pity the lady in this case. She deserted a worthy lover, which might serve to her shame if not the word in a good sense. To conversation on this subject, we may mention that the word 'Hoax' arose from some stage wit, named Isaiah Hoax, who used to play tricks on his fellow-mortals, with that word pricked in them in large capitals, to be stuck up on the walls of Baltimore. Everybody stopped to enquire the meaning of this strange word. Hence its application.

A PROPER SEVERITY.

A scoundrel, under the name of Joel Jones, went to Kentucky last fall, and there passed himself off as a minister of the gospel and a single man. He was subsequently married to Miss Lydia Bussey, of Jefferson county, Ky. Afterwards it was discovered that he had been previously married. He was tried, convicted and has just been sentenced to nine years imprisonment. He appears to be a hardened wretch. During the trial his face was wide with her child, sat most him, but he neither looked at nor would he recognise them, and he received the verdict of the jury with stolid indifference. Such fellows are best locked up.

OUR EXPORTS OF WHEAT.

In another paragraph we speak of the wealth to be derived from the exports of pork to England by way of the Canadas. The export of wheat is another source of prosperity to us. During the last year 1,516,817 barrels of wheat flour, valued at $7,739,646, were sent to various foreign countries from our different ports. And, *for the last fifty years*, the average annual export of this article has been 7,000,000 to some years it has risen to $17,000,000. It is probable that the surplus product of the crop this year will reach 11,800,000 barrels, in which case it will be $8,000, per bbl. the income derivable from this source will be $47,200,000.

NAVIES OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

At comparison with our own small but efficient navy it is worth while occasionally to place those of Britain and France. The navy of the former power consists of 165 ships of the line, 117 frigates, 64 war steamers, and 324 smaller vessels, employing 270,000 seamen and 30,000 marines. The cost of this vast armament is about $36,000,000 per annum. The navy of France contains 46 ships of the line, 56 frigates, 26 war steamers, and 338 sloops of war and smaller vessels.

A SHAM FIGHT.

There was a sham fight at Needham, Mass., on Thursday the 19th, (the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis.) About 300 troops were present. They were divided into two parties, English and Americans. The principal destruction was not in the battle-field, but at the dinner table.

DELETERIOUS MANUFACTORY.

A man in France has lost, within six years, two wives and a young infant, all by the same malady, a kind of slow consumption. Four cows and two horses had also died, and all the hens and rabbits of the neighborhood. At length his last horse died, and the poor fellow was in despair. Suddenly he recollected that this mortality had begun soon after the erection of a building for the refining of zinc and lead near his house. On examination he discovered that the vegetables and fruits in his garden were all covered with a sort of velvet down of a bluish tint, which was supposed to result from the deposition of oxide, arising from the process of the purification of the metals. On those vegetables he had fed his animals, and indeed he himself lived with his family and hence the mortality among them.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Since the new census and apportionment, the number of Presidential Electors is changed. The following is a table of them as they now stand. It will be worth preserving

States.	Electors.	States.	Electors.
Maine	9	Georgia	10
New Hampshire	6	Alabama	9
Massachusetts	12	Louisiana	6
Vermont	6	Mississippi	6
Rhode Island	4	Tennessee	13
Connecticut	6	Kentucky	12
New York	36	Ohio	23
New Jersey	7	Indiana	12
Pennsylvania	30	Michigan	5
Delaware	3	Illinois	5
Maryland	8	Missouri	7
Virginia	17	Arkansas	3
North Carolina	11		
South Carolina	8	Total	275

It will, therefore, require 138 electoral votes for the successful candidate

A SECOND LAMBERT.

A farmer lately died in Belgium who was almost a rival in size of the celebrated Daniel Lambert. This man was seven feet in circumference, and the calves of his legs were as large as the body of an ordinary man. His coffin was three feet wide and three feet deep yet he entirely filled it. He looked not unlike Louis XVIII., so that, being famous for his corpulency and fond of good living, he was called Louis XVIII. by his companions. He died on the 16th of September, 81 years of age.

PERSECUTION IN DENMARK.

The days of religious persecution do not seem to be at an end even in the most civilized countries of Europe. By last week's steamer we learn that a Baptist Minister from England, Dr Hoby from Birmingham, and a Baptist minister from Hamburg, Mr. Oncken, have been expelled from Copenhagen solely because they were Baptists. They arrived in Copenhagen on a fraternal visit to their brethren, the former having a passport from the British Charge d'Affaires at Hamburg. Mr. Oncken was imprisoned, and both were expelled from the city by the same packet in which they had arrived. The particulars of this affair have been laid by Dr. Hoby before the British Envoy, at Copenhagen.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

There is so much truth in the following remark of a late writer respecting the despotism in Russia, that we quote it willingly. "The empire, immense as it is, is no more than a prison, of which the Emperor keeps the key. Nothing can exceed the misery of the subjects, unless it be that of the prince. The life of the latter has always appeared to me so similar to that of the prisoner, that I am astonished at the mental illness which makes the one believe himself so much the less to be pitied than the other. The remark will apply to every nation where the life of the citizen depends on the ruler's will. In that case conspiracies and assassinations will always threaten the despot.

A LADY RIFLE-SHOOTING.

There was a rifle-shooting near Glasgow, Scotland, on the 23d and 25th of September. The distance with a rest was 120 yards, and from the shoulder 100. After a keen contest on the first day the prize was taken by Mrs. Paterson, of Glasgow, and kept by that lady till two o'clock of the second day, when it was taken out of her hands. The contest now became keener than ever, until five minutes before six, when the lady again taking the rifle got ahead of them all, making her two shots at 100 yards distance 1 inch each. The gentlemen then giving up, she was declared the victor, to the great surprise and until the loud cheers of the meeting.

HAYTIEN COUNTER REVOLUTION.

An attempt at a counter revolution was made in Hayti, at Fort Republicain, on Sept. 9th. Col. Dalleon and a few soldiers began it by attempting to take possession of Fort Alexander. Dalleon was shot by a soldier, named Regis, and his escort of officers escaped to the woods. Regis was promoted to the rank of an officer. General Herard, it seems, was aware of the conspiracy, and had taken measures to defeat it. Numerous arrests were made, but the conspiracy seems to have been confined chiefly to young men without regular employment, ambitious of military or civil advancement. The government is consolidated by the last revolution bids fair to be permanent.

THE WORD HUMBUG.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal has found a derivation for this word, which, whether correct or not, is an excellent one. That journal gives the history of Homberg the medical impostor, who figured in Philadelphia in 1807, and from whose name came at first the verb *humbugged*, meaning, Sirs, to—. Be this true or not the word is a good one. To conversation on this subject, we may mention that the word 'Hoax' arose from some stage wit, named Isaiah Hoax, who used to play tricks on his fellow-mortals, with that word pricked in them in large capitals, to be stuck up on the walls of Baltimore. Everybody stopped to enquire the meaning of this strange word. Hence its application.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

We had intended to notice this exhibition at some length, but find that we could not participate any of the specimens of American manufactures there without doing injustice to others which would be passed over. We do not wish to be invidious and therefore remain silent. But we can say in general terms that this is the best exhibition the institute has ever offered to the inspection of the public and much superior to the one now being held at New York. The halls of the Museum—where the collection is shown—have been crowded, not only in the evening, but in the day time. The award of premiums was made on Tuesday, through Mr. John Wiegand, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangement, and Professor Bache. Friday is the last one of the exhibition. The expected address of Dr. Patterson, during the closing ceremonies, will, judging from that gentleman's known ability, be very fine.

FIRST RATE BEET.

Communal or to good beet! And to all places where this article is afforded comment as to Mr. Thompson's hotel at the junction of the Lancaster and Haverford turnpikes. We take shame to ourselves for having remained so long ignorant of the table he sets forth, especially in the article of beef, but was it until the other day, when we had occasion to dine there that our eyes were opened to his merits. Mr. T. from his also keeping the Brower's list in this city is daily informed of the whereabouts of good beef, and not as unusually fat steer comes to market without he has the first cut. Such hand as we saw on his table! But we cannot trust our enthusiasm on this subject. We will stop, recommending, however—all lovers of good meats to saunter out to Mr. Thompson's, one of these fine October days and order a dinner. They won't be able to walk home.

NEW CAPSTAN.

At the exhibition of the New York Institute is a ship's capstan on a highly improved plan, enabling the operator to add to his former power 40 per cent by reversing his motion enabling one man to exert the power of 40 men. This new and valuable improvement is susceptable of application to the windlass and all kinds of presses, as is shown by the models at the Fair. Several U. S. Revenue Cutters are to be provided with these. It would be well for our Sloop owners generally to adopt this invention.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.

We have intelligence from Rio Janeiro to the 28th of August, and from Montevideo to the 7th. From the latter there is little news respecting the progress of the war. All that was known was that Urquiza was on the Rio Santa Luzia, and that he would probably succeed in forcing a junction with the forces of Oribe. It is also said that 2000 cavalry and 300 infantry, with the two divisions of Rivera, had marched to prevent the juncture.

WESTERN PORK MARKET.

It appears that the Western pork market will afford a fair average supply this year. The preparations for salting and packing are extensive, and the prices of salt and cooperage are low. The farmers look for a good business. The expectation of Pork through the Canadas to England alone is a source of great revenue to this country, and aids, moreover, in keeping up the price of the article to a fair equivalent.

MARSHAL BERTRAND.

This distinguished general, so long the companion of Napoleon at St. Helena, has been making the tour of our country with great rapidity. On Saturday he arrived at Albany from Buffalo and the Falls—on Sunday he visited Mr. Van Buren—thence he departed to Boston, Lowell, and so to New York, where he is probably by this time.

BILL JOHNSON, DEAD.

This notorious character was killed by his son-in-law, in Iowa lately. Johnson's daughter ran away and married, when the father proceeded to her husband's cabin and brought her forcibly home. The son-in-law followed after with a rifle, and shot the father through the heart. The offender is in jail awaiting his trial.

LOSS OF A STEAMER.

The steamer Sarah Barnes, Capt. Falkland, from Galveston to New Orleans, was lost eight miles west and of the Salmon river, in the early part of this month. The intelligence is not yet complete and full, but the greater part of the passengers and crew are supposed to be lost.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

The Yellow Fever still rages at New Orleans, and has extended its ravages to Mobile, where it is more fatal than it has been since 1839. The pestilence has reached Vicksburg also. Strangers, especially from the North, should avoid these places until after frost.

NATIVE COPPER.

The celebrated mass of native copper known as the Lake Superior Copper Rock, is now on its way to Washington, where it is to be deposited with the National Institute. The weight of the mass is between 6000 and 7000 pounds.

All Along Shore.

PETER PILGRIM'S LETTER.

OCTOBER 20, 22, 23, 1843.

DEAR SATURDAY POST:

Our friends in New York are in as high spirits as need be with their Fall business, which there all agree in declaring has been most excellent. Nor does the city at all belie the predecessor of prosperity which the people put forth. There are many changes, and the most prominent things small in themselves, strike the stranger at once. Tammany Hall has elevated its cap, and now looks a massive pile. The Park Theatre has washed its face and placed a wooden Shakspeare on its front. About the upper parts of the city very many new dwellings have been erected. Cotton water pipes at lavish abundance about the streets —and a portion of it might well be applied with a hose to the city property, in the shape of pavements, which seems to be sadly neglected. A little flank street discipline would do a vast deal of good.

The brokers have got possession of a portion of the Rotunda of the Exchange, which they have roofed, under the main roof with canvass, and festooned with lights—all crowned with oak. Considering the odor of confinement where they must affect, a more verdant hue would have been in better keeping. The interior interesting as market—another most singular feature of the rules of competition. Nothing appreciating the fun of a blaze should have been intruded here; and it is remarkable that the board did not assert it down at once as a personal reflection.

Trinity Church is surely lifting its massive steeple. There is more elaborate ornament placed on a course of stone—tenement crowded out of the solid stone—than makes a more humble church pinnacles in its whole structure. Still the money is beneficially expended among hundreds of laborers, and in the way it gives employment which is infinitely more useful than showy.

The character of the streets, in addition of the sewers in the streets, has changed in one particular most wonderfully. That was particularly in Nassau-st. where you could not hear your own ears for the din of omnibuses. They would arrive in little road hack, and to have carried their full load in the forties across the water. But there is one way more enough to stun you, some carpet-bag schemer engine. Street hawking of cheap publications and cash newspapers has created almost entirely, or is conducted in a more orderly manner.

The business in the Park is so full going, and at all hours of day, when the sun is up in looking about you and preserving the proper point of view, you may detect a most glorious face among the waters—not certainly a new face, but a fountain-face. It has fired the poet's more than once—and no wonder. It realizes the rhetorical adage too, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, for more contemptible accumulations than those beautiful fountain has could not be imagined. It looks like a sweet, and endless a setting, but that might still be adjusted—but a fountain it is not, in mind. When next the political Chapman crosses ferse after a campaign election, I hope he will take the pencil out of the mud—for the present and all past fathers of the city since the fountain was founded, and through they doubtless are in other matters, have been lazy old lions in this. The Boston Croton fountain is magnificent *in full blast*. At other times it seems as if some one had been paying sucks up on its head to keep it down, and that they had so far accomplished the work as to mar all semblance of beauty.

So much for New York. You see I only touch externals. Would you know more? Read the last time, when in the midst of an interesting story, you were called out, and detained so long away that the thread was gone. Could you resume the hearing with any pleasure? So here. A coat ago and in every thing which moved the mass, I was interested. Now there has been no interregnum. I have lost the thread and cannot catch it without too much trouble—but the conclusion of the charity boy who learnt the alphabet, and pronounced it not worth while to go through so much to learn so little uppermost. But—on about New York! Glorious, bustling, noisy city! Your conclusion is under to the adage, and your heart

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wiseman.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Hyde, Fox, E. Smith, G. H. Crawford, J. K. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Tupple, B. Jones, H. H. Hall, H. H. P. Nesbit and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE recollects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER are in Arkansas.

IAS. E. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALEXANDER BILLINGS of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

The Ladies' National Magazine, for November, is a splendid number. Its embellishments consist of an elegant steel engraving of Innocence, with an extravagant fanciful, an engravement view at West Point, a novel and beautiful illustration, and a plate of colored Fashions. Among the handsomest looking of the new flock of new magazines, the literary contents we notice the continuation of Stephen Chandler Ellis at "Anna Taylor, the confessor of The Spinsters Mate, by the author of Cousin Geoffrey, or the Lady Magazine is continuing its performance in New Hope.

The Ladies' National Magazine.—Mr. Peterson, of course, determined not to permit his Magazine to be in any respect behindhand with the rest of mankind. Accordingly, he has engaged to publish, by an engagement with Knickerbocker Monument, at West Point, exactly the same, and the same in the embellishment line, as the Ladies' National Magazine, for the year. The first number, it is said, is now in advance of all other Magazines, as it has been issued in the unprecedented time of ten days after the publication of the preceding number. We have undertaken to publish it in numbers. As it is only twenty days (or 20 gap between the numbers, would it be indispensably necessary that we should publish it in parts, in order to maintain the usual thoroughfare preserve the book *Perkins & Purves*.

Godey's Lady's Book for November, is an excellent number, both personally and otherwise. The leading article is a capital one, entitled "Woman, what a privilege!" The engraved frontispiece and title-page prove to be particularly elegant. The embellishments of this month are Paul Jones From Miss Alice Horton; Female Loveliness, Mrs. Lemuel Lincoln; Mrs. Sigourney, Miss S. F. Bacon; Mrs. Gen. Scott, F. H. Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt; Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. Lewis; Fashion, Miss A. Hall; Mrs. Hunting, Mrs. Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt; Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt; Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt;

Sketches of Travel.

THINGS IN VIRGINIA.

Natural curiosities in the State—The Natural Bridge—Height—A single arch of stone—Resembles a work of art—The valley beneath—How made by the action of water—Conveniently located for travel—Its worth in connection with a tavern—Weir's Cave—How discovered—Its general features—Income from exhibition of its apartments—Others may yet be discovered—Moral effects of contemplating these wonders of Nature.

There are several natural curiosities in Virginia that will always be objects of intense interest to travellers. The *natural bridge*, fourteen miles southwest of Lexington, is one of Nature's grandest exhibitions of unsurpassed architecture. A deep cut ravine, only about one hundred feet in width, is spanned by an arch of stone, ninety feet in thickness, so gracefully turned that it more nearly resembles a work of art than an accidental result. In width, perhaps it is four rods, and over it passes all the turnpike travel of a great Virginia road. It is precisely in the place where a bridge is wanted—were it not there, one must have been necessarily erected. From the top of this beautiful structure, to the bottom of the valley, it is about three hundred feet. When the visitor is under the bridge, and looks up, the massiveness of the arch—a solid stone, appearing as though bent into its present curve in a molten condition of the material of which it is composed—it is the grandest object in America. A tall tree growing by the side of the little stream that trickles along by the side of the ravine, makes but a poor show of altitude, contrasted with the height of the bridge above its top.

From a geological examination of the region of country where this extraordinary curiosity is located, it is evident that there was a mighty rush of water down the present line of the valley, from a north westerly direction. In its rapid descent down an inclined plane, it wore away whatever constituted the bed of the river, till the water came in contact with the top of the resisting bridge. It was swept clean and bare—and smoothed by the friction of millions upon millions of boulders and gravel forced over its face.

By the ceaseless action of the water, urged on by an untiring flood from above, it finally drilled through the softer material which might have filled the space between the abutments. This was no sooner accomplished, than the opening was rapidly enlarged, and, in the end, the entire gutter, of three hundred feet, perpendicular depth, by about ninety in width, was wholly wrought by the action of the water. In that way, we suppose, the bridge was actually made. At present, it belongs to a farm, near which there is a bit of a tavern, and the whole is valued at about fifteen thousand dollars. Neither farm nor house would be worth a farthing without the appendage of the bridge. High up, at a difficult point of access, are the letters G. W., cut by General Washington in his youth, whilst traversing the neighborhood as a surveyor of public lands.

Virginia is distinguished for its caves—Weir's cave, eighteen miles south of Staunton, belongs to the catalogue of wonders, and always will. On the side of a limestone hill—thirty-four years ago, a farmer's hired man, *Weir*, who had set several traps, from time to time, for small animals—in some mysterious manner lost them. It so happened one day, that in a crevice of the rocks, he traced the flight of one of his traps—dragged in by a fox, it we remember rightly. He went to work in earnest to remove it by enlarging the opening which, to his amazement, revealed to his astonished vision an immense cavern. The discovery was immediately noised abroad, and being on the farm of Mr. Mohler, father of the present proprietor, measures were at once taken to explore its vast and heretofore unsuspected apartments within the centre of a limestone ridge, that appeared to be an almost solid rock. Guide books contain minute descriptions of Weir's cave, and *hence* any elaborate account of its separate rooms or contents, would be essentially a repetition of what is already published.

The entire length of the cave, is five hundred yards—each apartment being on a separate level—like going down stairs—at each step there is a distinct chamber, communicating with others by a narrow passage between the rocks.

It is a fairy scene, to gaze on the glittering crystallizations overhead and on the vibrating walls of these under-ground halls by the glare of a torch. A constant course of strangers are visiting the cave in the traveling season—the owner demands a toll of one dollar from each person who enters, and thus derives a very comfortable income from an exhibition of his magic palace under the hill.

Next Weir's, is Madison's cave, known to Mr Jefferson as long ago as when he wrote Notes on Virginia. Owing to the smoke of lamps or torches, used to light the interior during the last war, while workmen collected the earth in the bottom for manufacturing saltpetre, there is nothing particularly engaging to be seen.

Other caves undoubtedly exist near by, which accident will reveal at some future period. Although inferior to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Weir's is very remarkable in many respects, and worth a journey of a thousand miles. It is one of those striking displays of Almighty Power, which impresses us with a sense of one's own weakness and insignificance, when contrasted with the works of an Omniscient Creator.—*Evening Transcript*

Light Reading.

MACKAY, THE JOKER.

There used to be in Boston, a most inveterate practical joker, by the name of Mungo Mackay. No time or place was too sacred for him. It was the business of his life. One of the pranks told by somebody as follows. It is old, but just as good as new.

One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to church by times, took his seat in a central pew, just under the window of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person and in a little time, the whole church was full to overflowing. The psalm was sung, the prayer was said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love, upon the beauty of universal benevolence, on the pleasure which arises not only from relieving the wants and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the rougher path is softened and adorned. In the midst of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place," the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected—he wept with them—the big tears chased each other down his hollow cheeks. But while every one was busy with their handkerchiefs, wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had, by his eloquence, caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The tired eyes of the immediate friends were not slow to observe this, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He was good, fulgid, orbital confined and unbounding, but instead of tears, resorted to no handkerchief, and seemed to be in deep sadness. At length a young widow lady who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and "heaven bless the female heart! it always beats at any mysterious sorrow;" after one or two distressed looks, and fluttering passes she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell?"

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay, in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes, the fair Samaritan seeming to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with a very good will. When she had done, Mackay looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she could increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who had done one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater, but, the moment it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan; the latter of whom, being so intent on her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter ran round the place; "heads and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, the blessing given amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious, nor the smiles of the mirthful, but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat pocket for his gloves.

Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come, for Mackay having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, turned, and put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear——

Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have?"

The Humorist.

☞ During the last war, a revolutionary veteran living near the ocean, never went to bed without having a well loaded gun by his side. One night there was a violent thunder storm which shook the house to its foundation. "Husband, husband!" screamed his wife, "get up, the British have landed, or the day of judgment has come, I don't know which." "By gosh," said the old soldier, jumping up, "let them come on, they'll find me ready for either of them."

☞ "Is there any thing *special* in your paper to day," said a consequential looking gentleman, yesterday, on strutting up to the counter. "Why do you ask that question," said the clerk. "Why, I thought I would buy a copy this morning, if there was anything *special* in it, as it is rather too rainy to-day to read it on your bulletin board."

☞ "Look heah, Sam, whar bouts you live now?" "In de same place, only nowse round de corner." "How all de folks?" "All well, only chile die." "Chile die! when chile die?" "Ob him live to-morrow, him be dead two weeks."

☞ A man in Springfield, (Ohio) thus announces himself a candidate for office. "Philip R. Barnett has a wife and thirteen children—poor—afraid to steal—too lazy to work—and would like to be elected constable."

☞ A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies and one umbrella, should always go in the middle himself—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

☞ A western editor who was recently robbed of a jack-knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents, says he is ruined, and shall be obliged to "take the benefit" of the insolvent act.

☞ "Oh, dear, Mr. Foster! you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest one you have ever seen—you must be soft soaping it." "Well, madam, I thought it needed soap of some kind."

☞ Two men made a bet which could eat the most oysters; one eat ninety-nine, and the other one hundred and one, how many did they both eat. One hundred and ninety-nine.

☞ "Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he don't care what color it is and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him."

☞ An old man when dangerously sick, was urged to take the advice of a physician, but objected, saying—"I wish to die a natural death."

☞ "Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No—she has left that off, and become tarnation ex-pensive."

☞ A loving couple up country have a pipe made with two handles so that they can both smoke together.

☞ Why is a man that does not pay borrowed money like a Catholic. Because he *keeps lent*.

☞ What is that which God never sees, kings seldom see and we see every day. Our equal.

☞ The "right of search" is ceded to fourteen cents, but not to British cruisers.

☞ "How sharp your nails are," as the man said when he caught the hornet.

☞ "I won't be trod upon with impunity," as the steel trap said to the fox.

From the Journals.

A WARRIOR.

BY AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

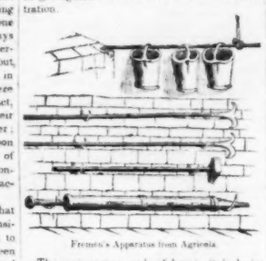
When at sad the daring Knight
Sought the foe on battle-field,
First he donned his armor bright—
Second the spear and raised the shield.
Hurling arrows filled the air,
Lances shot ring from around;
Old and young, brave and fair,
Bleeding, sought the purple ground!
Foremost in the battling crowd,
Upside the mail-clad warrior by
Rings the sword with well tried loud
Thickest still the arrows fly.
On his breast the shafts showers
Fast their swords the harness mark;
And the arrows, broken, quiver,
Falling, harmless, from his shield.
Thus may it then an aught fail,
Lessing on Life's battle-field,
Armor round thy limbs to bind
Desiring from a trusty shield.
Man an errant warrior is,
Death ward fighting bold his way
Rocks among, and wilderness,
Or where pleasant valleys lay
Would at them ever victor be
Over himself, and o'er the world,
Prove thou onward valiantly,
Where no lance and dart are hurled!
Bind thy limbs in armor sure,
View with care the battle-field;
From thy soul by watching pure,
Bridge a bright and trusty shield!
Then in vain shall arrows fly,
Spears shall shiver on thy breast,
With a bright, unflinching eye,
May'st thou win the warrior's rest.—*Indiana Sentinel.*

Olden Times.

FIRE APPARATUS.

From Ewbank's Hydraulics, a valuable work which we have before noticed, we have procured copies of three engravings, illustrative of the progress made in the apparatus for extinguishing fires.

The oldest sketch of a complete set of apparatus for extinguishing fire that we have seen, is in a cut representing the interior of a laboratory or smelting furnace, in the De Re Metallica of Agricola, page 308. The implements are, a syringe, a sledge hammer, two fire hooks and three leathern buckets; conveniently arranged against a wall. See the annexed illustration.

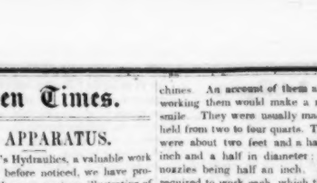


Fremen's Apparatus from Agricola.

The syringe was made of brass; it is designated *sipunculus arichalceus, cujus usus est in incendiis.* In these figures we behold all that was preserved through the middle ages of ancient firemen's machinery: the engine of Heron seems to have been quite forgotten. Indeed the syringe itself was not generally used in Europe till late, for it was not till the close of the sixteenth century that "hand squirts," as they were named, were introduced into London. Previous to that time watchmen, buckets, hooks and ladders, only were in use. Cutting away with axes and throwing water from buckets are mentioned (observes Foshooke) by Petronius and Gervase of Canterbury. The owners of houses or chimneys that took fire were fined; and men were appointed to watch for fires and give the alarm. In 1472 a night bellman was employed in Exeter to alarm the inhabitants in case of fire, and in 1558, leathern buckets, ladders and crooks, were ordered to be provided for the same city: no application of the pump seems to have been then thought of.

Syringes continued to be used in London till the latter part of the seventeenth century, when they were superseded by more perfect machines. An account of them and the mode of working them would make a modern fireman smile. They were usually made of brass and held from two to four quarts. The smaller ones were about two feet and a half long, and an inch and a half in diameter; the bore of the nozzles being half an inch. *Three sons* were required to work each, which they achieved in this manner: two, one on each side, grasped the cylinder with one hand and the nozzle with the other; while the third one worked the piston! Those who held the instrument plunged the nozzle into a vessel of water, the operator then drew back the piston and thus charged the cylinder, and when it was raised by the bearers and in the required position, he pushed in the piston and forced, or rather endeavored to force, the contents on the fire. We are told that some of these syringes are preserved in one or two of the parish churches. It can excite no surprise that London should have been almost wholly destroyed in the great fire of 1666, when such were the machines upon which the inhabitants chiefly depended for protecting their property and dwellings. If the diminutive size of these instruments be considered, the number of hands required to work each, beside others to carry water and vessels for them, the difficulty and often impossibility of approaching sufficiently near so as to reach the flames with the jet, the loss of part of the stream at the beginning and end of each stroke of the piston, and the trifling effect produced—the whole act of using them, appears rather as a farce, or the gambols of overgrown boys at play, than the well directed energies of men to subdue the raging element.

When the useful arts began to excite attention, the defects of portable syringes were too apparent to be neglected, hence in the early part of the sixteenth century several attempts were made to remedy them, by those noble spirits who burst through the prejudice that had so long consigned the subjects of practical mechanics to the mere makers of machines, as one unworthy of a philosopher's pursuit; and from the cultivation of which no distinction, save such as was allied to that of a skilful artisan, could be derived—a species of fame from which professors of philosophy shrunk, like Plato, with feelings of horror. To render the syringe an efficient fire-engine, would seem to be impossible, except by converting it into a forcing pump, and in that case it would be no longer a syringe. As long, therefore, as such an idea did not occur to engineers, they had no resource but to improve the "spirit" as well as they could; and however hopeless the task may now appear, it was not only attempted, but to a certain extent accomplished, and with considerable ingenuity too, as will appear from the following figure. In this engine several defects of the "hand squirts" are avoided; as



Syringe Engine from Besson. A. D. 1568.

the necessity of inverting the instrument to refit it by plunging the nozzle into the vessel of water, the small quantity contained in the former, and the consequently incessant repetition of the operation and interruption of the jet, and the difficulty of directing it on the flames with certainty of precision. Besson, if he was the inventor, therefore, greatly enlarged the capacity of the cylinder, making it sufficient to contain a barrel, or more; and as a matter of necessity, placed it on a carriage. To eject the water uniformly, he moved the piston by a screw and kept the cylinder when emptied, it was refilled through the funnel by an attendant, as the piston was drawn back by reversing the motion of the crank. When recharged, the stop cock in the pipe of the funnel was closed and the liquid forced out as before. As flexible pipes of leather, the "ball and socket" and "goose-neck" joints had not been introduced, some mode of changing the direction of the jet of this enormous syringe was necessary. To effect this, it is represented as suspended on pivots, which rest in two upright gussets (in these are secured [see figure] two semicircular straps of iron, whose centres coincide with the axis, or pivots, on which the syringe turns. A number of holes are made in each, and are so arranged as to be opposite each other. A bolt is passed through two of these, and also through a similar hole in a piece of metal, that is firmly secured to the upper part of the open end of the cylinder; and thus holds the latter in any position required. The iron frame to which the box or female part of the screw is attached, is made fast to the cylinder, and it is through a projecting piece on the end of this frame that the bolt is passed. By these means, any elevation could be given to the nozzle, and the syringe could be secured by passing the bolt through the piece just mentioned, and through the corresponding holes in the straps. When a *lateral* change in the jet is required, the whole machine was moved by a man at the end of the pole, as in the figure. To the frame, jointed feet were attached, which were let down when the engine was at work. The women represented (one only is given in our figure) reminds us of a remark by Foshooke: "In the middle ages during fires women used to fetch water in brazen pails to assist." Though during the age in question engines was decried and the objects intended to be accomplished by it, it certainly has the merit of ingenuity as well as originality.

The oldest pump engines of modern times were certainly made in Germany, and about the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the next century. The first one noticed by Beckmann is that of Haubsch, which the Jesuit Schottus saw tried at Nuremberg in 1595. In giving an account of it, Schottus remarks that the invention was not then new, it being known in other cities, and he himself remembered having seen a small one in his native city (Konigsberg) forty years before, consequently about 1617. We are not informed by either the professor or some of the particular construction of this small engine, but there is a book extant that was published in 1615, which contains a figure and description of a German engine of that time, and which furnishes the information desired. This book is the "Forcible Movements" of Decaus, a work which, like the Theatre des Instruments of Besson, escaped the notice of Beckman.

German Pump Engine from Decaus. A. D. 1615.

This machine is named "A rare and necessary Engin, by which you may give great relief to houses that are on fire." We give the whole of the explanation: "This engin is much practised in Germanie, and it hath been seen what great and ready help it may bring: for although the fire be forty foot high, the said engin shall there cast its water to help it: four or five men lifting up and putting down a long handle, in form of a lever, where the handle of the pump is fastened: the said pump is easily understood: there are two suckers [valves] within it, one below to open when the handle is lifted up, and to shut when it is put down: and another, to open to let out the water: and at the end of the said engin there is a man which holds the copper pipe, turning it to and again to the place where the fire shall be." In use it is

other words, this is a single forcing pump, and is secured in a tub. For the convenience of transportation the whole was placed on a sled, and dragged to a fire by ropes. The lose of the forcing pipe seems to have been small compared with that of the pump cylinder, a circumstance combined with the long lever and the number of men employed in working the latter, that contributed to increase the elevation of the jet. The machine exhibits a decided improvement on the primitive syringe, and constitutes a great step towards the modern engine. In the short angular tube to which the jet pipe is attached, we behold the germ of the more valuable goose-neck.

The reader will draw his own parallel between these affairs and the complete machines now in use.

STREET BEGGING.

That street-begging in England and Scotland, is "a pretty considerable business," is well known, and one of the easiest ways of getting a livelihood, strangers being imposed upon often, to give more than pence some, by reason of the squalid appearance of the supplicants. An old beggar has recently died in the Royal Infirmary, Scotland, who was known wherever he wandered under the name of Sir Peter Nimmo, and this known for a long series of years. It was generally supposed that Peter was what his outward man certainly indicated him to be—very poor; but on opening his house in Lecarrell's Close, Canongate, bank receipts were found in his possession for nearly £200—twenty-three pounds of which had been deposited in the month of March last. Besides the money, there was found in his house a large collection of old nails and shoes, which he had collected from the streets, as well as an excellent suit of black clothes, which had apparently never been worn. The old man had cunningly contrived to be supported by charitable donations of food and clothes, while all the money amassed by street-begging he thus kept in reserve for a nephew from London, who arrived soon after his death, to present himself as heir-at-law for old Peter's goods and chattels. This, by way of example, shows how some folks in the old country beg for their fortunately.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK.—Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose: he has found it, and will follow it. How as a free flowing channel dug and tied by noble force through the sand-waste of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows, draining off the sour festering water gradually from the rest of the region, grass blade, making instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow, with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his god-given force, the sacred celestial fire-essence. Breathed into him by Almighty God: from his inmost heart awakening him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! Yes, knowledge that will hold good in working; cleave thou to that; for matter half accredits that says yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools—a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic—vortexes till we try it and fix it. "Doubt of whatever kind can be ended by action alone."—*Past and Present, by T. Carlisle.*

ALWAYS think what you say, though you may not always say what you think.

Selected Articles.

LAUS DEO.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Almighty Father! Universal God!
At whose command creation sprang to light,
How can we cast our mortal eyes abroad,
And view Thy marvellous majesty and might,
Nor feel our hearts expand with holy love
Toward Him who formed the lion and the dove?

When e'er this globe was but a shapeless ball,
Void, without form, and darkness covered all,
Then from his throne the dusky Chaos hurled,
And light celestial beamed o'er all the world!

Father! to Thee, when clashes are on the earth,
And hush'd each sound of revelry and mirth,
Man's fervent prayer ascends. Thou know'st his heart—
The temple whence his holiest feelings start;
And Thou disclaimest not his prayers to hear,
If they but rise devoted and sincere.
Even Nature joins her voice, and helps to raise
The song of universal love and praise;
The feather'd warbler, from the leafy tree,
Pours forth its richest melody to Thee;
The sapient insect forms its dwelling throng,
And adds its thunder to the anthem's song;
Majestic Ocean "shakes his trembly mane,"
Catches the echo and repeats again,
Till all creation swells the chant to sing
The everlasting praise of Heaven's King.
Thou to Thee, O God! great power is given
By all on earth, and all the hosts of Heaven!

Our Heavenly Father! when man steps astray
Guide Thou his feet—direct anew his way.
Nor let him wander far on Error's maze—
A slave to Folly and her lucrous ways.
Implant within his heart a precious torch
To love Religion, and her paths to seek;
That when his end may come, he soul may fly
To hold communion with the just on high!

A PRISON.

From the Editor's Table, in the October number of the Knickerbocker, we make a short extract. It is a brief sketch of the inmates of Sing-Sing Prison:

"If the unhappy young man who has so recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation, have looked in upon the State Prisoners at Sing-Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him. Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil; what a negation of comforts their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eighteen hundred unhappy convicts who plied their never-ending tasks within these walls. Stealthy glances from half-raised eyes; pale countenances stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate or impotent malignity; and hard labor in the hottest sense, were the main features of the still-life scene as we passed through the several work-shops. But what a picture was presented as these occupants came swarming into the open court-yard at the sound of the bell, to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug-shops, leaving the clack of shuttles the dull thump of the weaver's beam, and the long, confused perspective of cords and pulleys, and pattering, and multitudinous hurr ess, they poured forth, from mucky sunless, steamed the imps of Vulcan, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which opened upon intermediate nooks of cells, set hoarless burst forth the knights of the awl and hammer; the miscreants of the cooper's mallet, the creak of his shaving knife, were still;—the stone hammer was silent, and the court yard was full of that striped crew!

"God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up in gangs their humiliating march! Huge negroes, sneering in their lust, were interspersed among "the hues!" hands crimsoned with murder rested upon the shoulders of beings young alike in years and crime; the victim of brutality pressed against the heart-broken bed of the scathless villain;—and all were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt: their unsound legs moving as the leg of one man; all in silence, save the peculiar sound of the shoeing tread, grating no less upon the ear than the ground. One by one they took their wooden pails of dingy and amphibious-looking food and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories, and streaming along the narrow corridors to their solitary cells. It was too much for the tender heart of your E., this picture of the ground of a foresight. He saw in after succession, her fine organs to quiver and our other sensibilities drop in gory rolled down her cheek. All these, said she to the keeper, 'had a mother, who looked upon their childhood, and blessed their innocence? Ah! how many colors had softer than velvet to the touch, have been passed to maternal lips, that now shuffle along these prison aisles!' There spake 'the mother.' And with her gentle words of pity, we take our leave to the States's Prison, and its unhappy inmates.

Choice Selections.

A CURIOUS DREAM STORY.

Miss H. B. was on a visit to Mrs. Archer, and being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon entreating to know the cause, she said, "I have seen my dear brother, and he has been taken prisoner. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that Major Archer was then with the British army, during the heat of the American war. Miss B. turned her head, and both fell asleep, when Mrs. Archer more violently sobbed out, exclaiming, 'They are trying him as a spy, and he described the nature of the court, the proceedings and the appearance of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest minuteness. Once more the poor sister's genius were enlisted by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy, as a traitor, and in accumulations, with many other circumstances! There was no more sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated in the terror-stricken sister, with the dates, and both agreed to keep the source of their weak presentiment and hours from the poor mother, fondly hoping that some indeed built solely on the baseless fabric of a vision! But, alas! soon as news, in those days, could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came and to the deep awe as well as grief of the young ladies every circumstance was exactly imparted to them, as had been shadowed forth to the fond sister's sleeping fancy, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream! The writer thinks the anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward, Dr. Darwen, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major Andre.—*Bell's Story Teller.*

MARRIAGE.

Jacobus de Voragine in twelve arguments, palatine, sincere, and elegant, has declared the benefits of marriage. They are these:—1. Hast thou issue? Thou dost one to keep, and increase them. 2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some. 3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it. 4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, and bear thee up. 5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy. 6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy. 7. Nothing is delightsome to her. No society is equal to marriage. 8. The bond of conjugal love is indissoluble. 9. Kindred increase, parents double, brothers sisters, families nephews. 10. Does art a father by a legal and happy issue. 11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life? 12. If nature escape not punishment, they shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage,

"Earth, air, sea, land, fell sore shall come to wrestle.
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

Some one has beautifully said, that it is better to have a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

THE WIDOWED MAN.

The Scotch are an inquisitive people; it possible, still more so than the Yankees. Their curious questions are frequently deemed obtrusive, and are carried to a great length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place: "Raw evening, sir, rather," observed the one with an Aberdeen accent. "Yes, rather," replied the other. "You will likely be a stranger in these parts," continued the Aberdonian. "If I can," laconically replied the other, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. "Perhaps, like myself, you may be going on to the Bauff?" "Perhaps," responded the other, yawning. "In that case, perhaps you will put up at Cullen?" "I may or I may not," answered his companion. "Pardon me the liberty of the question, sir; may I ask if you are a bachelor?" "No." "Oh! married?" "No, no!" "Sir, I beg your pardon, I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject: your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries. I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?" "No, no, no." "Neither a bachelor, nor married man, nor widower—then what can you be?" "A drover of man, since you must know," exclaimed the stranger, clapping spurs to his horse and dashing out of sight in an instant.

DELICIOUS SCENES IN SPAIN.—A London correspondent of the New Commercial, states that the Corporation of London, having invited Espartero and suit to dinner, much excitement was produced by Lord Ranelagh, who "called public attention to the fact that one of Espartero's suite is the General Nogueras, though whose instrumentality the aged mother of Carlera, the Carlist leader, was shot in cold blood during the entries for the throne of Spain. Nogueras has attempted to prove that as he did not actually superintend the execution he was not responsible for it. This of course is idle and all attempts to excuse such an atrocity must be vain; but the true palliation (if there can be any has not been alluded to." The correspondent adds that "Nogueras was provoked to this murderous act by the still more bloodthirsty conduct of Cabrera himself; who only a few days before, had ordered the execution of the young wives of eighteen Christino officers—who were accordingly drawn by the cord side and shot. In retaliation, and to prevent the recurrence of such deeds of horror, Nogueras executed Cabrera's mother and nine did otherwise stay any further execution of females by Cabrera."

The Olio.

TWO FARMERS were discussing about the great drought of 1826 or thereabouts. "Ah," Cupid," I remember it very well," said one. "I take it altogether it was one of the sweatiest seasons I think we ever had. The grass was parched and crisped, in fact it was the most singular drought ever known in these parts." "Yes," said the other, "but it was nothing to what it was in the western part of New York, positively, sir! It was a breathless hot time there, and the general havin' got thoroughly dissolved set. I used to drive cattle fifty or fifty miles for water, and then two rivers into one largish, and then brook pens, positively, sir."

☞ The late venerable mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated discipline, in order to have thrown his adversary completely hors de combat by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question—"What would you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face, 'you lie?' "What could I do? Why, I couldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to prove it." "Prove it, sir, pray?" "I'd say, 'If he couldn't he be the liar and there I stand brave man,' but if he did prove that I'd lied, I must own, pack? I'm afraid, and there I expect the conflict will end."

☞ A man who went into a bagnio to-day, to-day to buy oil to improve the growth of hair, was recommended bear's grease, as an article most preferable for the purpose, by the shopman. As a testimony of the unerring evil effects, he produced to a large house on paper and as the grease her enemy would avoid, and instead his customers that the black greasy compound was in consequence of the application of the fair proprietress, the growth of a fortnight. He was the man's fine opinion of the article, for he positively concluded that if such a one as he could be seen to be sure it should in a short time be in universal request.—*Paragon.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.—All the cultivators of domestic are sessions which are taught in the Common school. It is like the sun, which, though unregulates and leads us the year, dispensing life and light to all the planetary worlds, yet indulges not to cherish and improve the flowers which appear as beauty to his bosom, so the Christian religion, though ministry intended to teach us the knowledge of salvation, and to prepare us to happiness on high, yet also opens into our contemplation as the world extends its benign influence to every scene of society, and peculiarly delineates the sacred fruits in the paths of domestic life.—*Hyde.*

THE LATEST USE OF MESMERISM.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that one of the members of a military company in New Orleans who fancies that he utterly execrates Colonel Durnel Packett, is continually exclaiming, by impossible his progress, as to other words, loud him out of existence, by which he means especially at nights. So firmly is this strange delusion seated in the mind of her poor husband that he is frequently roused from the still hours in the midnight shouting and screaming.

"Come out of the way, you fool you Packett!" as though that imaginary personage was standing before him!

OLDNESS AND OBTRUSIVE.—Is it true? asked verdadeiro. A friend tells us that in passing the arcade a few evenings since, he overheard the following conversation between two individuals, one of whom was evidently a stranger to the city. "Were those things yonders are sold down in that cellar?" said the stranger. "To be sure they were," was the reply. "what ones should they be?" "Well, I'll be hanged if I did not always think that oysters were best when begged through with leathers on you."—*Pa.*

THE BOSTON Mercantile Journal puts forth the following anecdote:—A daughter of Mr. Emerald Isle, a day or two since, went out on a shopping excursion, and returned with a small package of goods which she had purchased. "Where did you get that, Bess?" said her mother. "Where did you get that, Bess?" said her mother. "Why, at Mr. Peck's, in Washington street." "*Mr. Peck!*"—and down as his store, pay!" "Well it's not myself that remembers the number, only I'll remember it said. *Peck*, on the door."

RIDICULOUS CHILDREN.—A poor editor not wish this makes his exit. "Dear readers, with this paper ceases the existence of the Ohio!" the number is full and complete, and we are a busted establishment! We shall neither up our coat and boots, shave off our whiskers, dye a few interesting specimens of patience that will pay in pennies and then go away for ever to go to some other field of operation. It may not be more extended, but it cannot well be less."

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A NEW WAY TO WEAR SHOULDER.—At Bangor, a few days since, a boy discovered a gun, and the ball with which it was loaded passed through a window, struck against a partition wall, fell down and struck a man upon the head, who was asleep in bed. He rouse it wanted him up, but it did not rouse him.

PATIENCE is this—to look into the Bible and see what God has promised to look into our hearts and ask what we want, and then for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.

☞ Men and women, in marrying, make a vow of loving one another. Would it not be better for their happiness, if they made a vow of pleasing each other.

A PERSON who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

JOSEPH C. NEAL,

"THE AMERICAN BOZ"

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE!

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The proprietor of Graham's Magazine has made an arrangement with JOSEPH C. NEAL, Esq., for a series of COMIC SKETCHES, in his peculiar vein. The first will appear in the NOVEMBER NUMBER, with a

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By VEGGER'S INIMITABLE STYLE.

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